

RESTORATION

Vol. IV.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1951

No. 11.

Nuns Warned: Beware Of Sterile Education

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister—We spoke of revolutions last time, of revolutions based on theology, for they are the only true revolutions in the world, the only ones that really can change the face of the earth and restore it to the God to Whom it belongs.

But knowledge alone will not bring about the Christian Revolution so needed today. Knowledge by itself tends to be sterile. It is but another "talent" given us by God to trade with. St. Thomas of Aquinas was not canonized for his knowledge, his tremendous knowledge of God and the things of God that earned him the title of Doctor of the Church. No. He was canonized because he put that knowledge to work for LOVE. The LOVE THAT IS GOD. You and I, dear Sister, must do likewise.

Sterile Know-how

Today there is far too much sterile knowledge hanging about. Knowledge acquired for a thousand reasons. Men seek it because our crazy world has suddenly set a price on various letters of the alphabet . . . BA . . . MA . . . PhD . . . MS . . . etc., etc. It seems that without them youth cannot become even office boys, nor sharpen pencils for their bosses; girls cannot sell in the department stores. In fact all the paths of life seem to be blocked to people without letters behind their names.

So men and women seek knowledge to be able to earn a living. A neutral reason. Neither bad nor good. For those letters often do not add to their ability. In fact they can direct that ability into wrong channels. Without those academic letters, youth might become creative in the search for a livelihood, with them they may become cogs in the tragic industrial machines of our age.

Some of us seek knowledge far beyond our capacity, for reasons of pride and social prestige . . . wrong reasons . . . that bring in their wake nothing but misery and tragedy.

The Best Love

A few seek knowledge because they want to use it. DEFINITELY, PASSIONATELY, in the service of God and neighbors. The best . . . the only reason . . . for that seeking . . . for that getting.

It falls on you again, dear Sister — and on the priests and brothers who teach boys and young men — to become very selective, and to make sure that whatever you teach, be it mathematics, English literature, engineering, nursing, or religion, you constantly present the last reason to your pupils.

Make sure they know the true end of education. And the rest will be added to

them.

The Dark Fear

It seems that lately, I cannot get away from the fear that fills my heart, a tremendous, dark fear, that OUR CATHOLIC EDUCATION is not preparing our youth for their role in a world that lives both in the atomic age and the age of atheistic communism.

We seem to follow the pattern of quieter but not necessarily better days. We still live on borrowed time. Do we know that there is a flame to bear; a flame that is but flickering now? Who will bear that flame? Who will refill the lamps that contain it with fresh oil? The answers are not forthcoming. The flame of TRUTH . . . THE FIRE OF LOVE . . . is so small these days. Its light barely illuminates a tiny square or two.

Many are the voices heard these days. Catholic voices are still but a whisper. Many are the strange unearthly lights that lure men into the desert. But our lamps are the least trimmed of all.

WHY . . . ???

Call of The Popes

It is not for lack of leadership from above. Pope after pope has loudly called all Catholics to restore themselves and the world to Christ by LIVING AS CATHOLICS SHOULD . . . AN INTEGRATED CATHOLIC LIFE EVERYWHERE. At home. In the market place. Single. Married. An integrated Catholic life rooted in love, prayer, and action. Catholic Action. But somewhere along the line, the voice of the pope has been blocked, his words left unsaid, not even recorded!

WHY . . . ???

Perhaps the answer lies in the Pope's Encyclical on St. Francis de Sales, in which the Holy Father says: "We cannot accept the belief that Christ's commands — 'No man can serve two masters, God and Mammon . . . Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect . . . Sell all you have, give it to the poor, and follow me' — concerns only a select and privileged group, and that all others may consider themselves pleasing to Him if they have attained a lesser degree of holiness. QUITE THE CONTRARY IS TRUE AS APPEARS FROM THE GENERALITY OF HIS WORDS. THE LAW OF HOLINESS EMBRACES ALL MEN AND ADMITS NO EXCEPTIONS."

For Everything Else

Maybe that is it. Maybe that is why I am so afraid. Maybe that is what is really the crux of the whole matter . . . that we EDUCATE MAN IN OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FOR EVERYTHING ELSE . . . BUT HOLINESS.

And because we do not educate for that one reason, that one goal we were all created for, our knowledge lies sterile, unfruitful, heavy on our souls . . . and the flames of love and truth flicker low.

And there is no green . . . no Christian . . . revolution going on . . . only scientific and atheistic ones. And the world gets darker and darker . . . and slowly dies for want of the light that is ours to give.

Yes, dear Sister, knowledge, of itself, will not make us saints . . . but knowledge leading to THE LOVE THAT IS GOD . . . WILL. So let us begin now to give that kind of knowledge!

Wasn't it just for this that you became His spouse? And aren't you the brightest spark of the fire of the Holy Ghost . . . given your sublime vocation . . . to light other souls with your flame? God bless you. Catherine.

ST. FRANCIS & SALES



Africa Calling

Dear Editors: Would your kind and good readers send me used Bibles, prayer books, missals, Catholic story books, rosaries, statues, crucifixes, medals, magazines and newspapers, for the love of God? I need them for the missions, and I have none. Most urgent is my appeal. Most anxious is my cry for help. It is a question of souls. Many souls. Millions of souls. Immortal souls. What will your readers answer? Will these souls be lost to Christ forever? Write to Rev. Fr. John Osolu, Superior General of the Sacred Heart Mission, Aba, Nigeria, B.W.A.

American Chartreuse

By E. Martin Moscato

Have you ever drunk silence into you, pore by pore? Have you ever passed days in such stillness that your heart was almost unable to contain the load of peace? Have you ever chanted Matins at midnight in the former parlor of a rural farmhouse — and sensed no less a grandeur than in the Gothic choir of some great Abbey?

The rugged hill-country of southern Vermont is witness to such spiritual happenings. The place is Sky Farm in Whitingham, the first Carthusian foundation in the New World. The Carthusian General Chapter, which convenes biennially, has given approval to the establishing of a permanent Charterhouse (as their houses are named in English) in Whitingham.

He Visits Cloisters

My visit there is one of several which I have made to monasteries of various Orders; Carmelites, Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Trappists, Russian Orthodox.

The seclusion of Carmel; Dominican wisdom; Benedictine grandeur; Trappist austerity — these have in turn impressed me. I have been cheered by Franciscan joy, a never-absent quality of that family. I have wept at the poignant lamentation of Russian liturgy and been edified by the exterior conduct and good will of Episcopalian Friars.

But never has a convent so captivated me as this little farmhouse which simultaneously embodies all these characteristics and more. Yet the superiors consistently ask the forbearance of their guests for the primitive means, and explain that their life at Sky Farm is a "skeleton of the Rule," and will improve with time!

Seclusion they have — in abundance! Matter of fact, Whitingham is so tiny that I actually missed it by bending over in the car to tie a shoe-lace!

Farmers Hermits Too

The average farmer in this section of New England is practically a hermit by nature so the Carthusians are in their proper environment. Their life, of course, is largely one of individual solitude, each monk residing in a small cottage connected with others and the monastic Church and buildings by means of cloisters. Such will be the permanent Charterhouse at Sky Farm when the necessary funds have been raised and the work completed. For the present, however, the monks and aspirants (who are numbered by the score) are lodged in the small house which was the former home of the benefactor.

The house itself is discovered, after local inquiry and a three-mile trip uphill and down yonder, on the side of a great slope. And it is caught in the constant breath of a wind that never entirely ceases. The silence of the place, in spite of the presence of a dozen occupants, accentuates the movement of the wind in the surrounding timber. The gently roaring firs compose a background for the sigh of ancient maples along the road. Wild birds sing in the fields and Nature really has a tremendous orchestra set up.

Men of Good Will

But what an audience! To speak of the lovely setting of Sky Farm is to neglect the men who are the soul of its peace. I shall not mention them by name. They will become well enough known in Catholic circles before the summer is out. But they are men of reflective demeanor, subtle humor, and that kind of outward spirituality that may best be termed "homely." Who shall express what lies within?

The site of the permanent monastery is almost a miniature of the Order's mother-house, La Grande Chartreuse, in the magnificent wilderness of Grenoble, France. Whereas the mountains surrounding Chartreuse are gigantic and the precipices forbidding, the placid Vermont hills exude benignity and another kind of grandeur, that of peace. But the firs are there also and it is not difficult to imagine the same atmosphere to be present in Whitingham as in France.

America and Heaven

Into these times of bestial moral chaos, into this excited America, comes a way of life preserved unaltered for a thousand years. Surely it is the Merciful Love of Almighty God that so blesses our Continent!

American democracy has, in one fifth of that time, become a subject of controversy among Americans themselves. Its definitions and methods are myriad.

The Carthusians go on, a silver thread in the pattern of history, unaltered, unbroken. From the heart of their solitude they daily look, by faith, into the Face of Jesus and of Mary. Every hour is an hour of adoration, of union, of intercession. Their life is Bethlehem and Nazareth, and Calvary too; the Cenacle, the altar, and the heart of the Mystical Body.

The future monks of Sky Farm will emerge from our twisted society, to forge a link between America and Heaven.

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. IV.

NO. 11.

EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
DOROTHY PHILLIPS Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Friendship House, Canadian Province. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association.

WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

OBEDIENCE is the key to freedom. Freedom in God, which brings peace, tranquility, happiness, and the sense of true proportion and of an order rooted in God's perfect one.

The lack of OBEDIENCE is at the root of our modern chaos. Modern man has succeeded in fooling himself completely, and indentifying freedom with licence to do as HE PLEASES; recognizing no other authority than himself, his desires, his whims, and his fancies of the moment.

Without fully realizing it, he has thus blatantly broken the first great Commandment of God, and made himself an idol, the idol of SELF, which daily he adores, on the personal, the national, and the international level.

It would be useless to say today that there are many Christian Nations. In fact, it becomes more and more apparent that there remain in this world fewer and fewer true Christians.

For the earmarks OF A FOLLOWER OF CHRIST — A CHRISTIAN — is perfect OBEDIENCE to the laws of God, and those of men rooted in God and receiving their authority from Him.

The daily papers bring this fact out clearly. Clearly and tragically. They reveal the worship of self in almost every line and page. Juvenile delinquency . . . youthful dope addicts . . . crime that shoots its dark tentacles through a whole nation, beginning at low levels and reaching up . . . up . . . into the very heart of its government. Men and women traitors to their God, their religion and their country have become so common that it is frightening. All laws of morality, decency, and truth have been forgotten, relegated into a man-made limbo.

DISOBEDIENCE IS RAMPANT EVERYWHERE.

Forgotten is the authority of parents, of the law, of the nation. Self alone reigns supreme. Pride, Lucifer's sin, reigns supreme.

Pride rules the world. And the world is in slavery; the slavery of sin that brings in its wake, unrest, unhappiness, disorder, lack of tranquility. How could it be otherwise when life has ceased to be rooted in God?

The ultimate end of this licence that modern man mistakes for freedom is war and destruction. Not only from the outside, but from within himself. For man has been created for God . . . for love . . . not for the worship of self that begets hate.

We must bring obedience back into the world. And this can be done only through the fundamental unit of society, that preceded Church and state, the unit that is the very marrow, soul, and heart of the nation . . . THE FAMILY. Parents must bring it back. For it begins at the cradle.

They must begin with themselves, of course they must examine their consciences; and, weeping over their sins of omission and commission, turn their faces to God, and begin anew in utter obedience to His laws.

Then they must bring order into their homes. Let it be a home where God dwells in all His splendor, where children realize that obedience to parents is obedience to God and His Church. For the Father IS truly Christ to them . . . and the mother—the Church. Their authority is given to them DIRECTLY from God, through the most august and holy sacrament of Matrimony.

This must be done now, while there is yet a little time. Obedience in all her beauty must be brought back to dwell on this earth. Through the home first, and then through the whole land.

Without her, we shall go down in the chaos of darkness . . . never to return, either here or hereafter.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Grasshoppers jump all around as you walk through the fields. They are as thick as curses in a truck drivers' argument. It was cold this morning. It will be colder tomorrow. Next week there may be snow. We had snow once, a few years ago, on the first day of October. What will happen to the grasshoppers then?

Who cares? You? Me?

You pause to look at an insect dragging something behind it through the dust.

Some Ants Have Wings

"A winged ant," you say. "Blue wings," says the young man walking with you. "That's a species of wasp. There are more species of wasps than—see, it's carrying a spider!"

The insect, wasp or ant, is certainly dragging a small spider. He is heading for the

sow new dragon seeds."

"It still looks like a winged ant to me," you rejoin stubbornly. "I never saw an ant with blue wings. But this thing moves like an ant. It carries its burden like an ant. It is as obdurate, as ambitious, as tireless, and as intent as an ant. So to me it is not a species of wasp. It is an ant. And I never did like ants, even when I read how they tended their cows."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," your friend quotes, "consider her ways and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

He insists, however, that it was a wasp you saw, one of the ten thousand different species of wasps. A wasp and not an ant.



grasses that border the road, toward the grasshoppers' paradise. And the spider—you make certain of it yourself—is still alive. It is alive, but apparently unable to help itself in any way.

"The wasp," says your scientific friend, "cuts the spider's spinal cord. He's very neat at this. I mean she is very neat at this. She does it deftly, so that the wound will not kill the spider. On the contrary, the spider will live for quite a while—long enough to hatch out the eggs the wasp will lay in its wound. When the young come to life in the spider's body; well, there's raw meat to start their diet with."

There's a grim sort of justice in this, you think—if what your friend says is correct. Here's a creature that spins a web and waits with inhuman patience to trap other insects and devour them, being made into a nursery—and into a baby food. The trapper is trapped. The blood-sucker is drained. The terror is terrorized and tapped.

Some Wasps Are "Reds"

"I suppose," your friend observes, "that there's something paralyzing in the wasp's bite. Some serum or chemical is injected into the spider's body. Of course it likes other meat too. Say a nice little green inch worm, or a young caterpillar. Something is added. Something like an embalming fluid, only different, for the purpose is not to kill the victim immediately but simply to use it—say as Stalin uses Poland and the other satellites—as a field in which to

But you still think of ants as you walk away. You think especially of the old pagan fable about the grasshopper and the ant. One played all day long when the sun was warm and bright. The other worked all day long, and every day, no matter what the weather.

Some Ants Are Rich

When the winter set in, the ant was pretty well fixed. She had laid in a comfortable supply of victuals—including choice cuts of spiders, if you like—and was ready to rest and enjoy life until next spring. Then a long came the grasshopper, begging for a handout.

The ant gave him the well-known bum's rush. The now-orker no-eater brush off. The rich man's old advice—"I'm sorry, pal, but you got nobody but yourself to blame; you should have realized the dollar is your best friend; you should have made dollars while the sun shone, but you thought you had to enjoy yourself; business before pleasure, my good man; now go away and starve decently—where a hard-working ant won't have to watch."

(Wonder what one of those paralyzing wasps would have said to the shivering hungry grasshopper? "Come on in pal; sit down; I'll have your eggs ready before you know it?")

Solomon admired the ant's industry. So did the pagan story teller, and all his readers. So do you, for that matter.

But you also admire the grasshopper's unconcern (Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

Friendship House, of which Madonna House is a branch, is like this . . . one moment you go about your business, (which in our case is that of our Father in heaven) . . . the next, you are feverishly writing to the Department of External Affairs for your passport, and to other Government Departments for the innumerable official papers you need these days to travel with . . . and booking your passage to . . . England . . . France . . . Belgium . . . and Italy.

We still advise you to — "JOIN FRIENDSHIP HOUSE AND SEE THE WORLD, NEVER MIND THE NAVY."

A Casual Start

With me, it all started casually enough. Last spring I happened to read in our local Catholic Paper that there would be, in October of this year, in Rome, a Congress of leaders of Catholic Action. Just a news item, but one that rejoiced my heart. For if there is one thing that needs putting across . . . that needs clarifying . . . in our tragic days, it is the role of Catholic Action in the world. On its integration depends, believe it or not, not only the fate of a world, but what is much more important, the fate of many souls.

Having rejoiced at the Pope's calling such a Congress together, I forgot about it in the stress and strain of running the summer school of Catholic Action here in Madonna House.

And then, suddenly . . . it was I who was going to it! Sent officially by my bishop, to represent Friendship House!

It all seems like a dream. Incredible. Impossible. And yet true.

All my life I have desired with a great desire to see the pope. Almost since my babyhood I have daily prayed for the Holy See, I have loved the representatives of Christ with a deep personal love.

Now here I am, Katie Kolyschke de Hueck Doherty . . . really going to have the privilege of hearing and seeing the present Holy Father!!! Oh, the joy of it . . . and the gladness of it! To have the blessing of Christ's representative on earth fall on me! Dear Friends, do help me to thank God and His blessed mother for this privilege.

Not Alone Either

Nor am I going alone. Mary Omanique is coming with me. A charming young lady of sixteen summers, whose article you must have read in Restoration some months back. She spent her summer with us. And now her good parents are giving her this lovely trip, an additional joy for me.

I will be seeing again many old friends in England, France, and Belgium, and I will be visiting with my brother and his growing family, none of whom I have seen for the last twelve years. I shall be visiting too, the grave of my mother, who died in Belgium in 1948. R.I.P.

I will be telling you all about it, via the future issues of Restoration, and rest assured that our dear spiritual family of Restoration readers will be mentioned in my humble prayers daily while I am in the Holy City.

Yes, Friendship House is (Continued on Page Four)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Officially the summer school closed on August 11. But life was not dull, for we were blessed with many guests all through September. People came, and people went. Families with children. Families without them. Single people. Young people. Older ones. Men and women. A constant, blessed stream of them.

It is really a joyous life here in Madonna House and an exciting one. For we never know whom or what the day will bring.

There comes a car, a familiar little Austin. It is the Anglican minister's, and its coming usually heralds a sick call, or a long drive on some other grave emergency.

Presto—Chango

There were ten people at Madonna House when I left to attend to that call. Two hours later, upon my return, I found the family had increased by five people who drove up from various parts of the U.S.A., and Canada.

Some people come knowing all about us and our Lay Apostolate, others knowing nothing about us . . . but soon there is a full sharing and everyone is up-to-date on Madonna House and all its latest developments.

Some come to stay a week-end, and stay a week, two, maybe three. There was a young man who came for dinner and stayed six months. Some come for just a visit and end up becoming part of our inner family. We have had quite a few of those.

This summer has been exceptionally blessed that way. For we welcomed into our spiritual family, Mamie Legris of Golden Lake, Ont., a neighborhood town; Marie Terese Langlois, Montreal; Louis Stoeckle of Toronto; Phillip Larkin of Prince Edward Island. And three more may join these soon. Alleluia!

Flewy Does It

At times I think that Flewy was instrumental in their final decision to join our humble Lay Apostolate . . . Flewy who had been a pioneer in it, who spent twenty years of her life in it, who started with me, the Toronto, Harlem, and Combermere branches, and who died so suddenly last August.

We mentioned how beautiful and warm was death in

the country, where all the good neighbors help with the cooking and the many other details that death, wakes, and burials beget.

A few weeks ago we watched one of our members go into the bush and cut down a straight cedar tree. He worked on it patiently until it became a beautifully-made cross. Then he put a little shrine-box on it to hold the statue of the Blessed Mother whom Flewy loved so much, and to whom she had dedicated herself, in the Montfortian way of the True Devotion, as a "slave" just a few days before her death.

The cross was placed on her grave. I wish you could see it. The little shrine, painted blue outside in honor of Our Lady, and red inside in honor of the Holy Ghost, looks gallant and gay, even as Flewy herself was all through her life.

Pray For Us

R.I.P., dear Flewy. You loved God and your neighbor well. Now you look at Love's Face, and on earth love surrounds you. Pray for us.

Oh yes, it is a joyous life here, and an exciting one. Many are the forms of service our apostolate of love and Catholic Action takes. With some we are thoroughly familiar. Others descend on us most unexpectedly—like the parents of two farm boys who wanted them to go to the Catholic High School nearby.

How to get there? They live some seven miles from the nearest point at which the boys could take a bus to get to school. But winters are hard here and roads often impassable. Some days they might not be able to walk those seven miles.

The answer is "to board" the boys somewhere near the school. But there are few homes hereabouts. The parents thought of Madonna House, and asked us about it.

We had never done anything of this kind. But why not? We have a men's cottage. Two more could be squeezed in. So now we have two young boarders with us, and the winter will be gayer for their presence.

That is the way it goes at Combermere . . . in New York . . . in Chicago . . . in Portland, Oregon, in Newburg, N.Y., and in Burnley, Va., where our F.H.'s are located, and it keeps alive our original motto:—

"FRIENDSHIP HOUSE HOPES TO BE ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN . . . TO BRING THEM CLOSER TO GOD."

Mary, gracious mother of God, help us never to forget this saying. Help us always to live up to it.

Stones for Bread

By H. E. Zacharias

Stores. Brick and mortar, steel and glass, pavements and neon lights. The city!

For Bread: the countryside, where it grows and is being tended and harvested, where the lights of heaven still guide man, where wind and weather are the companions he has to work with, where Life is all around him and becomes part of his own life—life, and not dead matter.

Man-Made World

The city shuts out the lights of heaven, substitutes a dead, mechanical, man-made universe for the pulsating harmonies of nature, and makes him believe that man is Lord and that there is none other above him.

And the result?

cordant specialists.

Labor, which was the skill of a human person, has become the impersonal commodity of machine-tenders. Time is no longer to be redeemed, but to be saved in order to be killed. For the pursuit of virtue has been substituted that of health. Sins are not being apologized for, but are turned into a philosophy of life. The authority of a loving God having been spurned, the only alternative seems to be that of a totalitarian servile State, presided over by the malice of a devil.

Say Which Hell?

Are we satisfied with the Century's handiwork? Does man really prefer the present hell to a heaven where his very body is to be glorified, as is already that of the Blessed Virgin Mother?

Of course I know the reply: "Pure escapism! It's

everybody away. It does not want to give you anything but a lashing with its briars. It wants to drop its delicious ripe fruit into the ground—that it may fill all the forest with its own kind.

So what? So both berries are gathered and eaten every summer. And here's something else to think about. There are always more strawberries than blackberries.

It strikes you that there are also more grasshoppers than ants. At least it strikes you that way these October days. If they are starved to death in the winter, God manages to resurrect them every spring.

Whether an insect or a berry or a man looks after himself or not, God looks after him. That's about the size of it. No matter what you are, what your nature may be, what you do, God—

ST. VERONICA



OF MILAN: 4

God has been rejected. He, the Absolute, Beginning and Ruler of everything, the Ultimate, has been cast aside; and in the place of faith in God the Father we have been presented with the relativist speculation; in the place of a Cosmos created by him, with one of Alice's croquet parties, where hoops and balls are walking about, each at his own sweet will and pleasure; in place of the Necessary we are left with the Contingent.

Faith vs. Rationalism

Christ has been rejected, and with Him God's self-revelation to man. For Christ, Who is the Truth, we have been given Utilitarianism; for Christ the Way, Art for Art's sake; for Christ the life, a soulless game of MECCANO. For the Logos each man's own little reason has been substituted, and thus for faith in Christ, Rationalism.

God the Holy Ghost has been rejected, the Comforter, the Love proceeding from the Father and the Son. Instead of the Trinity of Persons creating a UNIVERSE of angelic and human persons, we are being fobbed off with a piece of mechanism, operated not by Love; but by Chance.

The Theological Virtues have similarly been denatured: Faith has been replaced by Science, Hope by Progressivism, Charity (the Love of God) by Social Service.

And So We Have—

And the result of this new ideology of a world without God and of men without souls?

It has deformed Wisdom into knowledge, Value into price, Quality into quantity, Means into ends, Perfection into efficiency, Wonder into curiosity, Sanctity into respectability, Vocation into career, Love into passion, Happiness into comforts, Joy into amusement. It has turned the University, the Keystone of whose arch is Theology, into Polytechnics, an amorphous heap of stones appropriated by dis-

all just not true, however pretty your ideas may seem! Yet on your own showing, dear Pragmatist, what does it matter? True, you say, is what "works."

Have your ideas "worked" these past hundred years? Our faith has.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

with all materialistic worries, with all the ant's piling up of wealth, with all her rushing around to assure security, with all her dour business of providing a hoard of food—and nothing else.

Some Give God Thanks

You see—or imagine you see—in the grasshopper's caracoles and leaps, in his joyous bounds, in his care-free flights in the sun, in his exhibitions of his beautiful yellow and black wings, a simple trust in the bounty of God, and a simple joy in being alive in the world God created and in the body God created for him.

You feel, somehow, that every grasshopper's leap is a prayer. An insect's prayer. You feel that the ant is concerned only with herself, her own business, her own world; and that the grasshopper is more concerned with God than with himself.

Maybe you're wrong about this; but it doesn't matter much if you are. You've been wrong before. You will be wrong again. You are not infallible. For all you know, the ant thanks God all day long too, in everything it does, by everything it does, whatever it does.

It's like it is in the vegetable kingdom, for instance. The strawberries put up no defenses whatsoever against trespassers. They seem to delight in giving of themselves to every one who comes to them. But the blackberry is an entirely different mess of fish.

Some Are Selfish

The blackberry, the most suspicious, distrustful, and malicious vine in the woods, strings yards of new barbed wire every spring to keep

Who made you—looks after you, cares for you, and sends you all the things you need to fulfill the destiny He has created for you.

To Grace Flewwling In Memoriam

By E. Martin Moscato

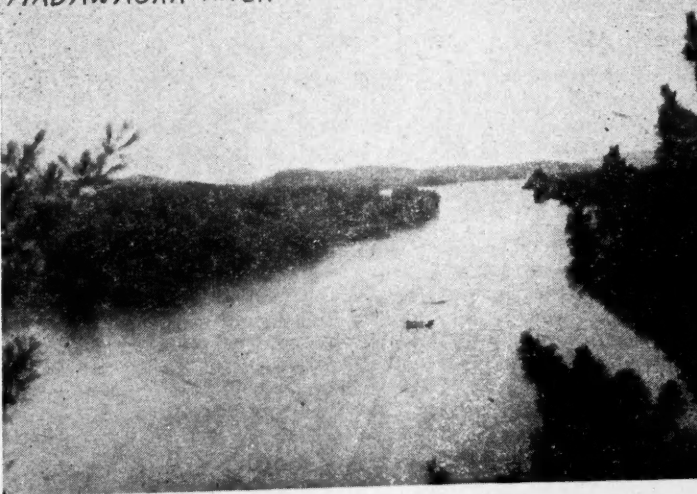
How many lamps in Heaven, Flewie,
That will never need repair!
But you're not idle there,
Your analytic mind investigating the inmost
Life of the Triune Deity!

There are no puns in Paradise
Where you will smile the
Ever mounting joy
That drowns all language.
Let your conversation
Loose the wells in us, which
drunk,
Give never way to thirst,
But leap in everlasting
laughter.

Sweet friend, we mourn
your leaving.
And our grief is shadow of
our Maker's. He
Did not design the blades of
death,
Has no joy that your flesh
Breaks back into the clay.
Not all gall, though, we
Glory that your triumph
clarions
Before our own.

Rest in our double prayer,
Indulgence, Expetition, so
that,
When you soar in that Infinity
Where all doors open,
Speak for us and bless us,
for—
For you the dawn wakes up,
The fog disperses,
And there is left to you no
work
But love
Eternally.

MADAWASKA RIVER COMBERMERE, ONT.



Christ And His Mother May Live In Your Home

By Isabel Connelly

We don't own a new home, nor an ultra-modern affair with "seven levels," nor anything of the sort. Just a plain two-storey substantial frame dwelling with plenty of room for seven youngsters to LIVE.

If you have enough money you can BUY a swank home with everything from a specially designed kitchen to a recreation room fitted with all the equipment for play imaginable. But even if you don't have much money — and that's where families like ours come in — you can have something better than the ultra-modern home I mentioned above.

In Your Family

You can have a home with something money cannot buy! A home where dwell not just your own family—your husband (or wife) and your children, and you. Someone else can live there too—the Sacred Heart for instance. And His mother. If They live in your home, and you make Them feel loved and wanted, then everything else will work out. And the peace, joy, and contentment you find under your own roof will be a thousand times better than anything money could buy.

I remember a certain wedding day. It can't be so very many years ago. How happy we were in our plans! And how many times, later on, we had occasion to remember the evening we went to talk with Father C., who was to marry us. He was giving us a bit of timely advice, and one thing he said was the best counsel he could give to a couple about to be married. It went something like this:

"Never go to sleep angry. If you have had a misunderstanding before you say good-night, tell each other you are sorry, and mean it. Never forget the old advice: 'Let not the sun go down upon your anger.' If you forget this, little troubles will pile up day after day until they become big troubles, and then they will be much harder to mend!"

We kept Father's advice in mind, and it came in handy every now and then. We discovered too, that if something funny to both of us could be found when things looked rather dark, a good laugh would clear the air in a wonderful way.

About A Picture

When we were married, I had a beautiful picture in my mind. (I've been doing that as long as I can remember—making up pictures and thinking about them.) But this one was so special that I want to tell you about it. I could see, in my mind's eye, a long road stretching out before me. My young husband approached from one side and I from the other. Our Lord, the real Head of our family, came walking towards us, and took each of us by the hand. With our hands in His, we began our journey down the road.

After some time, during which we were very happy,

and tried to make Him feel at home with us by praying together every night, doing a bit of spiritual reading together every day, saying the Rosary and the Angelus often — a tiny new figure joined our group. It was our first child. In my picture I carried the baby in my right arm—my left hand was still in Christ's, and we continued down the road.

When the next child came along, his daddy carried him. As each new one joined us, he was carried until he could walk, and then he took his place at the end of the line.

Now there are seven young ones in our family, and Our Lord is still with us. Beside Him, though, there is someone else.

About Our Lady

His Mother joined us when we began the family Rosary, and has been with us ever since. You see, it was a little hard to carry the new babies and still hold on to Our Lord's hand, and those of the children who were walking. So Mary came along to help us.

We know we don't deserve Their love and help, but we are very grateful. We couldn't make our way along this road at all if it weren't for Them. Sometimes it gets very dark, as when we lose some of our near relatives, or when sickness or worry wear us down. Or the time we didn't get to keep one of the babies.

In times like those we hold all the more tightly to the hands of Jesus and Mary. And just as surely do They comfort us and give us the strength we need. Also They make the way clear, so that we are not afraid to go on.

Little things happen often that we know They enjoy and appreciate. For instance the baby, who is just a toddler now, kneeling down and folding her chubby hands when we kneel each evening for the Rosary. (Of course she doesn't stay there. Who would expect an active child of 18 months to do that? But she gets the idea, and plays by herself while we pray.)

Some day Patsy will really pray with us. Right now she is going about her baby business, and the Rosary is planting its seeds in her baby consciousness, all unbeknownst to her.

About Mary Jane

We think Our Lady must have smiled too, on 10-year-old Mary Jane as she wrote a letter recently, to those of us who were away on a little vacation. Her spelling wasn't perfect, but her intentions were — as she carefully wrote her letter and put four P.S.'s on the end of it. There was one for each one of us. The notes were exactly alike, except for the name at the top of each one. They read:

"Dear —, I said a rosey and some ejacklines for you."

Mother's Day brings special surprises. A lovely card promising a novena of Masses is the gift of one of the boys, Keith, who is 13. Another card, in 12 year old Peggy's hand, tells Mother that she is the recipient of a number of Masses, Communion, rosaries, and ejaculations—from all the children.

Little things? Perhaps. But quite important to those who live in a certain kind of home. It is not a prudish home, nor one where all is silence, and the faces are long. Not at all, though it is true the people in them feel very humble and specially honored. It is a consecrated home — one whose family has permanent house-guests, for very members of their family — Jesus and His mother, Mary!

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

like that. One moment you are going about your daily business, the next, you are on the high seas, bound for any point of the compass.

It is the way of the Holy Ghost with His servants... lay or religious. Surrender yourself to Him utterly... and you may "see the world" too... the world of men... the geographical world... and what is vastly more exciting and important... the world of God, the world of souls.

Why not try? It is worth it. Take my word for it. I know.

INDIA CALLING

Ursuline Convent,
Rengarih, P.O.,
Via Simdega,
Ranchi, D.T.,
India.

Dear Editor,

It may astonish you to receive a letter from an unknown Sister missionary of India. May I worry you in favor of our poor orphans? Would it be possible to send an alms, for them, whether it be money, clothing or any other thing? Our school, orphanage and dispensary cost me so very much that I am unable to join the two ends of the year, and not only that but I am increasing my debt year after year.

We devote ourselves to the poor aborigines of Chota

Nagpur. Nearly daily one or other child comes to ask to leave the school telling with tears in their eyes they have no food at home. My heart bleeds when I have to refuse them food. The most I can give them is some fruit from our garden which stills their hunger for a little time.

Their stomachs are empty, but what to say about their clothing? Many of them have no clothing except a little rag round their waist. The children sit in school, but how can they learn. They have no slate, no pencil, etc. How happy those little ones would be if what was thrown away by the American children were given them.

I trust dear Editor that you will be able to do something for our poor children who in return for your generosity will pray and offer for you. We too will remember you in our daily prayers. The greater reward you will receive for our dear Lord Himself, Who rewards even a glass of cold water given in His Name.

May God bless you and all what is near and dear to you. Yours gratefully in Our Lady, Mother M. Paula.

Mother of The Mystical Body

Sister Mary Aurea

Canst thou forget that breathless day

When hidden in thy womb there lay

("Ave" and "Fiat" being said,)

We the members, Christ the Head?

Canst thou forget that happy morn

When thou didst see thy Newly Born

Asleep within a manger bed:

We the members, Christ the Head?

Canst thou forget the bitter woe

Of that Good Friday long ago,

The Cross, where agonizing bled

We the members, Christ the Head?

Oh Mother, thou canst not forget

His suffering members bleeding yet,

'Til time to timelessness has fled,—

We the members, Christ the Head.

Then may we see thy joy intense,

When to the Father Christ presents

The Kingdom (death now being dead)—

We the members, Christ the Head!

Amen. Alleluia!

Random Thoughts - Musts Or Oughts

The return to Christianity would be truly revolutionary.
Eric Hill

Let us thank God that He makes us live among the present problems... it is no longer permitted anyone to be mediocre.

Pope Pius XI

Gadgets and gimmicks can make a model house, but it takes a mother to make a model home.

Father Manton, C.Ss.R.

He who gives up mental prayer does not require the devil to push him into Hell, he goes there of his own accord.

St. Teresa of Avila

There are never disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.

—Father Faber

I would not exchange one-quarter of an hour of mental prayer for all the knowledge I have acquired in so many years of study.

Suarez

We must not let slip the smallest opportunity of giving Jesus joy. We must not let slip one single occasion of sacrifice.

St. Therese

Every troubling thought is from the devil.

St. Francis de Sales

When the way of perfection was opened out before me, I realized that in order to become a saint, one must suffer much.

St. Therese

We must have an absolute unlimited certainty that whatever comes from God is best, even if from the human point of view it should seem to us to be the very worst.

Lacordaire

We shall not wake up in Heaven wondering how on earth we got there.

Bruce Marshall

Man is placed between earthly objects and spiritual good in which eternal beatitude consists; the closer he adheres to the one the further he is removed from the other.

St. Thomas Aquinas

Why were the saints saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient, and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and they were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all. It was quite simple and always will be.

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Please enter the following subscription:

Name

Street

City Zone

Province

1 Year — \$1.00

Return Postage Guaranteed
MADONNA HOUSE,
Combermere, Ontario, Canada